

The K. H. C. Log

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EDITORIAL

Once more we draw near to the close of a term, which, though long in weeks, was only too short for all the pleasures and jolly times we have had. Nevertheless, we shall all be glad when the holidays begin, and Santa Claus comes to visit us.

On November the twenty-fourth an enthusiastic Girl Guide meeting was held, the outcome being that every girl in the school has joined. There will be two companies of Girl Guides, and one patrol of Brownies.

We hope the first K.H.C. Log met with everyone's approval. We shall be very glad of contributions of stories, etc., for our next month's edition.

Wishing you a merry, merry Christmas, a Happy New Year and an enjoyable holiday, we issue our second Log.

K.H.C.L.



ENGAGEMENTS

It gives us great pleasure in announcing the engagement of another of our Old Girls, Ailsie Coghlin to John Webster of Montreal.



SOCIAL

On Saturday, November the 15th, a very pleasant entertainment was given by "The A to Z Co.", under the direction of Prudence Holbrook, and Audrey Shorey. On the 29th of November, "The Rockets" presented their first performance under the supervision of Phyllis Barker and Eleanor Innes. Many visitors were present for both. The players and everyone, we are sure, enjoyed themselves.

Beatrice Pratt and Norah MacCarthy, two of our Old Girls, visited us the week-end of November the 1st. On November the 15th three Old Girls from Quebec, Mary Scott, Barbara Stephens and Naomi Teakle paid us a visit. Kathleen Patterson, from Sherbrooke, and Hope Cushing, from Montreal, Old Girls of the school, visited us on November the 29th.

The Thanksgiving Dance proved, as usual, a great success. The music was provided by Turcotte's Orchestra.

IN MEMORIAM

On Wednesday, November 12th, there passed away our much beloved Dean of Quebec, the Very Rev. Richard Shreve, D.D., and we feel that in his passing we have not only lost a very valuable member of our Board of Trustees, but a very dear friend of our School.

We always looked forward to his visits here; he always had a word of encouragement, and he was one of those to whom our progress was a source of joy.

I remember very clearly a beautiful address which he gave to the girls on Prize Day many years ago, on the subject as to why they came to the "King's Hall" school, and their consequent obligations to that school. That address has not failed in its object, and as long as King's Hall exists, those obligations will be remembered here, and the Old Girls, as they pass out of the school, will carry them forth into the world beyond their school life.

We all tender our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

LAURA JOLL.



SPORTS

Winter was ushered in at Compton with three days of heavy snowfall. Previous to this, there had been beautiful late autumn weather, enabling all to become more efficient in the out-door games; and towards the end of November, several of the Guide Patrols enjoyed stalking and tracking in the Coaticook woods.

Now that the ground is covered with snow, after a brisk walk in the keen air, to have an enthusiastic game of basketball or badminton is our greatest joy—and we all look forward to the sports or games that take up part of our recreation in the care-free and happy afternoons.



THE ANGELS' GARDEN

I once dreamed of a beautiful garden which was divided into small flower-beds with a Guardian Angel watching over each bed.

The peculiar thing about the garden was that none of the flowers were in bloom for very long, they only opened for a few minutes and then closed again, so that each bed looked as if it were composed only of flower-buds.

Some of the buds opened constantly, and then the Angel went quickly to the flower, and bent down as if to listen to a voice. The Angel remained there as long as the flower remained open, and when the flower closed the Angel winged its way to a beautiful arbour situated at the far end of the garden and delivered the message which the flower had given.

Some of the flowers never opened, and the Angels looked at them so sadly, and it seemed as if they watched them tenderly, always hoping that they would open.

This seemed very strange to me, and I asked one of the Angels what it meant, and the Angel told me.

The buds were the people down on earth, and when a flower opened somebody down on earth was praying, so the Angel listened and then flew up to tell God what the prayer was about. Some of the buds never opened, because those people never prayed, and the Angels were so sad because those people never had any thanks to send to the good God, nor had they anything which they wanted God to do for them.

This made a great impression on me, and I hope it will make as great an impression of you all. Be very careful not to disappoint the Angel who has charge of the flower-bed in which you are planted, but see that your flower-bud opens often, and that there are many prayers for your Angel to take to God in the beautiful arbour in "The Angels' Garden."

LAURA JOLL.



THE LETTER

"Rose Marie,"

"Just another love letter" but "Tell me you'll forgive me" "If I stay away too long from Carolina" for "I'll follow the Swallow" "When the Sun goes down" to my "Red headed-girl" "Carolina Mammy."

"Dearest" "I'm grieving for you" Sitting "in a corner all by myself" "Crooning" "Poor Me", but "A smile will go a long, long, way", so "Foolish child" just "Feather your nest" for a "Home in Pasadena."

"Love Tales" "Tell me"—"There's nobody else but you," but "Somebody's Wrong" because "My Sweetie's gone away" and "The one I love belongs to somebody else", so "I'm Jealous" "So Good-bye" "My Coney-Island Baby."

"Sweetheart."



THE ANSWER

"Oh Charlie My Boy",

"I've something to tell you", "So linger awhile" on "My Road", "Down among the Hills of Ten-Ten-Tennessee". "You're just a new kind of a man" that's "All muddled up" from "Listening" to "Fate".

"I don't know why" I said, "Take Oh take those lips away", "For my lips may say no! no, but there's yes, yes in my eyes."

"Dear Old Pal of Mine". "Every night I cry myself to sleep over you" "Yearning for you". "To hold me, fold me tight in your arms." "I'm just a lonely little baby" so let's have "Tea for two" for I'm not "The kind of a girl that men forget" "For I've got sunshine, moonshine, what I want is love shine". "Don't say no", say 'maybe'."

"Dearest",

TID-BITS OF WIT

On a mountain top:—

Pat:—"I bet I can see further than you can, Tim."

Tim:—"I'm on, ten dollars".

Pat:—See that village down there in the valley? I can see a little white house at the farthest end and out of the house comes a child with a dog in her arms. I bet you can't see any further than that."

Pat:—Alright then, I can see the sun."

Tim:—You win!

1st:—"Hello! What's your name?"

2nd:—"Abraham Isaac Joshua Goldstein. It's an expensive name that."

1st:—"How come expensive?"

2nd:—"The other day when I was in court the Judge asked me my name. I told him and he asked me if I was a Jew. I said, 'Don't be foolish' and he fined me \$20.00."

A coloured preacher was preaching a sermon, in the course of which he got on the subject of prohibition. He said "If I had my way I would have all the liquor in the world thrown into the river. I don't approve of it. The river is the only place for such stuff." Then he finished his sermon, saying "Now, dearly beloved brethren, we shall sing hymn 785—"Shall we gather at the river."

Peg:—"My father is better than yours. He can play tiddle-y-winks with man holes".

Meg:—"That's nothing. My mother sits on her porch every morning and knits iron fences with crow-bars.

Biff:—"Man alive! What are you going around like that for?"

Bang:—"Because I once heard someone say 'When you're in rooms, do as the rooms do'."

Doctor:—"And how did you find yourself this morning?"

Patient:—Oh, I just opened my eyes and there I was."

"THE SNOW-BALL FIGHT".

The Snow had at last come to stay,
So a snow-ball fight was fought.
Little, small, big and tall to the battle field were brought.
The rush within the cloak room
Things were lost as usual I guess
But they simply had to be found.
The battle raged, the victory unknown.
With laughter and blowin' puffin' and blowin'
At last it was ended by everyone winning.
So home marched both troops, rosy and grinning,
With a hearty appetite for tea.

Gum-drop".